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**A Story of Stirring Adventure, Afloat  
and Ashore, of a Brave, Manly Boy**

"THE price of wisdom is above rubies." There is a bit of very ancient philosophy which every boy ought to paste up on the wall of his room where he will see it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Never neglect an opportunity of acquiring knowledge. **KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.** If you learn to do something better than any one else in the office, you have greater power than that line than any one else, and you can command higher salary. You can never tell when knowledge about some particular thing may be useful.

If you are employed look about you. Don't spend your leisure moments wastefully. Try and learn something about your employer's business. Make yourself valuable. You can do it as simply as acquiring knowledge. **KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.**

JACK HARKAWAY, JR.

## Perfect Digestion Means Health

**on Means Health**



... Take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.  
... the blood carries the nutri-  
... the process of assimilation and re-  
... in healthy organs and members.

## Dyspepsia Tablets

... matter what the condition of the  
... in. They themselves digest the  
... rest and get well.

**50 CENTS A BOX.**

ation of what is being recent time in "Coppers." ago United Copper was Boston Stock Exchange, daily at above 30, and a major mouth it. One day, tuitly for those who had it, it slumped to \$4 per share. The speculators who are varied it up again, and it ed daily around \$15. The netions that any day it h 5 and 10 points be- ing to \$4 per share. One of many instances I n a man that is being lead "Coppers."

the sound judgment of speculators for an au- queries:

alighted, he smiling at  
his listeners feeling it  
his duty to say that the  
present price of copper  
Consolidated, one of  
producers in the country,  
cents ago, when copper  
15 cents, sold at \$24, he  
less at 82% if the present  
buyer had no concealed  
interest. He said that  
Copper & Hecla be dull and  
the same price it sold at  
was 3 cents lower. If the  
of the metal were genu-  
ine, it would not be  
not be dull and listless at  
than when copper was 3  
15 cents. If the present  
did not rest on a bomb  
or many more instances,  
it will suffice, as they are  
producers, which would be  
affected by the recent  
of the metal if it were  
is the time for investors  
to ask the reason for  
ations of certain copper  
the crash, which is  
is on, and if they do not  
will be disgraced  
own heads.

**LAS W. LAWSON**















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HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMNER ST., BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1905.

The Stork for  
Babies; the Rabbit  
for Easter

Answer to Questions from a Reader  
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One of our readers, Mr. Kepler Hoyt, who lives at the Victoria, Washington, D. C., sends in a letter this request for information: "Can you inform me how the stork came to be associated with child-birth, and how the rabbit came to be associated with Easter?"

These are questions worth answering because they dig up curious old notions of the human mind—old ideas—valuable as an indication of our encouraging progress from amusing superstition to the beginning of actual knowledge.

The stork is associated in the popular mind with the arrival of new babies because it is a very serious looking bird, reminding the beholder of a doctor whose solemn appearance atones for his lack in actual knowledge.

The stork also is a deadly enemy of snakes, which he eats and treats as they deserve. There is a poem which says:

"'Twill profit when the stork, a sworn foe of snakes, etc."

Snakes, as we all know, are intimately connected with babies and their mothers.

Ever foolishly listened to the snake, which sat up on the edge of his tail and talked attractively. Ever since that time the arrival of a child has been a great trial, and the mother of olden times, remembering how much the snake cost her, and grateful to the bird that hates the snake, made the stork emblematic of childbirth.

A more probable origin of the story, however, is very much simpler. Very young children have a way of asking how they got into this world, who brought them here, etc.

On top of the houses in Holland, Germany and many other countries you may see storks' nests—built sometimes on chimneys, sometimes on cart wheels put up for their convenience. It was quite natural for a mother, looking about for a proper explanation, to tell the inquiring child that the new baby was brought by the stork and dropped down the chimney. That is probably how that happened.

The stork also appeals to sentiment because of its association with the crucifixion. A legend declares that a stork flew several times around the cross at Golgotha screaming "Stryka! Stryka!" which means "Strengthen, strengthen," and which gave the stork its name.

As to the Easter rabbit, there isn't, or at least there ought not to be, any such thing. The connection of the rabbit with the Easter egg we get from the Germans. In Germany it is a hare and not a rabbit that is supposed to produce the mysterious Easter egg. In this country we know little about hares and a good deal about rabbits; we have gradually substituted the rabbit for the hare in borrowing the pleasant German superstition.

Just how and why the Germans got the hare mixed up with Easter we do not know. Perhaps some wise reader can tell us.

The connection of eggs with the Easter season is much older than our religion. It was thought that the earth itself was a sort of egg hatched out in Spring time.

The Zoroastrians believed that their two great powers of good and evil—Ormuzd and Ahriman—were constantly fighting for possession of the big egg we call the earth and that they would continue to fight for possession of that egg until the end of time.

We are bound to admit that Good and Evil, named "Ormuzd and Ahriman," or otherwise, DO appear to be fighting for possession of the earth still.

The connection of the rabbit or the hare with Easter is probably too old and mysterious for anybody to solve with absolute authenticity.

The hare itself was looked upon as a sort of a strange and irresponsible creature. In antiquity it was believed that the beast actually did go crazy at intervals—also that he had the power of changing his sex once a year.

Curiously enough, hares have had a curious effect even upon intelligent human beings.

For instance, the great Tycho-Brahe would faint dead away at the sight of a hare. Yet he was a learned man, who always dressed himself up carefully with nice lace cuffs when he went to look through his telescope—saying that a man who looked through a telescope went into the presence of his Maker and should dress at least as carefully as though he were going into the presence of a king.

That is all we know about the stork, the babies, the hare and the Easter egg.

Readers who know more—and there must be millions of them—will kindly send their extra information.

P. S.—After writing the above and confessing ignorance as to the German legend about the Easter hare, there came the idea: "Go over and ask the wise men of a German newspaper what they know about the Easter hare."

As soon as this idea was acted upon, knowledge flowed out like a flood. In the German newspaper office there were found sitting, wise, gemuehlich and benign, at least ten men who could tell ANYBODY any thing.

On American newspapers written in English for English speaking people there is much ignorance and guesswork. American editors, refreshingly free from knowledge, practice on the public like a baby on a teething ring.

But it is different in the office of a real German newspaper. When the Easter hare was mentioned the least important editor, with the shortest title, knew all about it.

He said "Gewiss," and "Mit grosstem Vergnuegen," and "Es freut mich sehr," and added:

"The hare in German mythology is the favorite animal of Fricka, wife of the god Wotan—boss of Walhalla. Fricka is the goddess of fertility, and Easter—which gets its name from 'Oster Wind,' which means 'the warm wind,' is the season of fertility. Fricka admired the hare, just as Roosevelt loved, because it has a new family once a month each family consisting of thirteen children. The Easter season of fertility, the harem of offering eggs to the gods as a sacrifice, the pet for Mene. Fricka and for the anti-vice-society hare all got mixed together, you see."

Then this Ueber-Mensch, with all the knowledge, bowed with an *opfelmich*.

And now you know WHY the hare came to be looked upon eventually as the maker of Easter eggs.

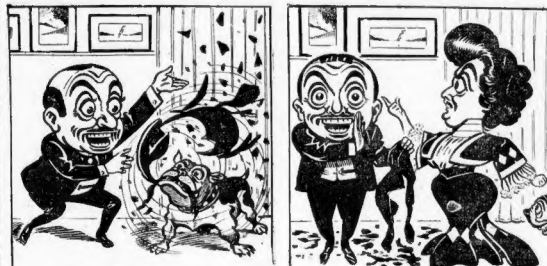
AREN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1. MRS. SNOOKS—Oh, John, if you take your own little wife to strike bargains. What do you think I bought you? Why, one of the latest style Fall hats. Just out! Great bargain! One dollar and thirty-eight cents! Try it on!

2. MRS. SNOOKS—Oh, John, you look simply GRAND. You look just like Baron Komura in it. Won't I lucky to get it? The only one left. MR. SNOOKS (aside)—Ye gods! This will NEVER do. I must get rid of this proposition, mighty quick. (Aloud) Oh, thank you, sweetest!—I'll use it.

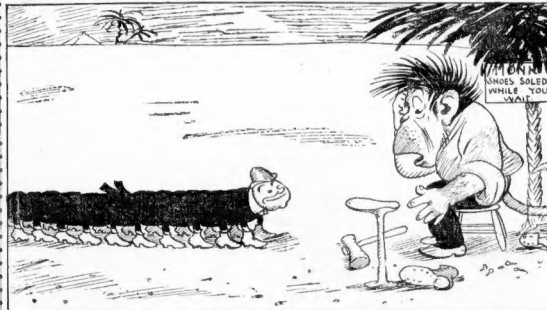


3. MR. SNOOKS (in a low but fierce voice)—Shake it, Tiger! Shake it! Give it to him, boy, give it to him! MRS. SNOOKS'S VOICE IN NEXT ROOM—Dear me, what is all that noise in the next room? I believe that Tiger must be shaking something.

4. MRS. SNOOKS—Glad! I just rushed in, too. See what that dog has done! Destroyed my beautiful new hat. I'll get rid of that beast this very day. MRS. SNOOKS—You'll do nothing of the kind. It was your own fault for leaving the hat lying where he could get it. Now, John Snooks, after this BUY YOUR OWN HATS. There, now!

A LARGE CONTRACT

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CENTIFIDE—Say, Mr. Monk, just half-sold my shoes in a hurry, will you? I've got to catch a train in fifteen minutes.

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG

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OLD GENTLEMAN—Aren't you boys ashamed to torture your little playmate like that? KID—Torture her grandmother. Don't worry de bust; we's afraid if he don't begin growin' soon he can't ever sit on de police force, an' so he asked de gang ter help him.

SHE—What's de matter, Chimmy? HE—Somebody trooped er bag er pouches out der window awhile ago. All der kids is wearin' der eyes out, lookin' for more.

"What's de matter, Johnnie?" "Why, Chimmy MacWhisker's got er box trough de mail marked chocolate drops an' he's atterted ter open it 'cass it might be er bomb."

Lessons in Municipal Ownership II.

By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph.D.

WHEELING, W. Va., is getting her gas at 52 to 58 cents per thousand because she owns her gas works. Private companies in the same State charge \$1 and upwards.

When Wheeling took over the gas works in 1879 the private rate was \$3.50. A large reduction was made at once, and other reductions followed from time to time till now the selling price is 75 cents, about 20 cents of which, on the average of recent years, is profit that goes back to the people.

The operating cost is 45 cents, and the total cost, including depreciation and taxes, is about 55 cents. There is no interest to pay, for the works paid for themselves long ago.

The people of Wheeling have "horse sense."

The people of Boston—well, we won't say what kind of sense they have in such matters—they have been paying \$1 or more all these years and getting nothing back but a legislative handicap; the gas profits and other monopoly profits that ought to have gone into the city treasury being used to corrupt legislation and prevent the enactment of measures of relief.

Boston is in many respects the finest city in the world, at least it is the best of the 130 cities the writer has visited in various countries.

But the people manifest so much more receptivity and absorbability for Christian Science and Theosophy than for a hard-headed, co-operative business proposition that they do not develop as fast as some other parts of the world in the line of economic common sense.

If they did they would be making their own gas in city works at a total cost of 60 or 65 cents, instead of paying a private corporation 95 cents to \$1.35 a thousand.

In the light of Wheeling's experience it is easy to look back and see how foolish the last generation of business men in Boston were that they did not insist on the municipalization of gas forty or fifty years ago on the same principles that they municipalized the water supply.

If they had been wiser Boston might have to-day a splendid gas plant free of debt, and rates little more than half what they are, with many millions of past profits in the treasury, and a record to be proud of instead of the worst record known in the gas history of the world—a record so full of graft and shamewful fraud and extortion that it astoundes even such professionals as those of Standard Oil and Bay State fame when they look back upon it.

Thirty or forty years from now are the people of Boston to have the chance to say: "The business men of 1905 appear to have learned nothing from experience. The loss to the city through the failure to municipalize the gas supply and other public utilities was manifest, but they could not or would not learn the lesson and the loss continued till a generation of clearer mind and stronger will came into control."

Philosophy for Politicians

By James J. Montague

(Hon. THOMAS C. PLATT has retired to the consultations of philosophy.—News Item)

WHEN things like men's ingratitude and benefits forgot And blighted hopes get on your nerves and worry you a lot; When voters call you evil names and speak in your despair, Although you've served them patiently in office all your days; When, though you purr for all you're worth, the public hisses "Beast!" Don't let it wound your feelings, but:

Says Platt.

Think how much worse it might have been

And how it could have been:

Consider not the words of men,

But of effect and cause;

If what has come has also went,

Then what must be, must be;

These thoughts will give you calm content,

For that philosophy.

When papers print unwelcome truths concerning your affairs, And ridicule weighs down with too your few remaining hairs; When people talk of Roosevelt, Root and even C. Dwyer, But somehow in these latter days have quite forgotten you; When, though without your fostering care, the G. O. P. grows fat On John McCall's beneficence:

"Philosophize!"

Says Platt.

Remember how it couldn't be,

And how it might have been;

Observe the objects that you see

And notice if they would;

Believe that if what's done is did,

Life's all serenity;

The world will give you gold per quid,

For that philosophy.